

SOLILOQUY.

Now I lay me down to sleep—
Don't want to sleep; I want to think.
I didn't mean to spill that ink;
Only meant to softly creep
Under the desk and be a bear—
T'aint 'bout the spanking that I care.

F she'd only let me 'splain an' tell
Just how it was an accident,
An' that I never truly meant,
An' never saw it till it fell,
I feel a whole lot worse'n her;
I'm sorry, an' I said I were.

I s'pose if I'd just cried a lot
An' choked all up like sister does,
An' acted sadder than I wuz,
An' sobbed about the "naughty spot,"
She'd said: "He sha'n't be whipped, he
sha'n't."

An' kissed me—but, somehow, I can't
But I don't think it's fair a bit
That when she talks an' talks at you,
An' you wait patient till she's through,
An' start to tell your side of it,
She says: "Now, that'll do, my son;
I've heard enough, I fore you've begun."

P I should die before I wake—
Maybe I ain't got any soul;
Maybe there's only just a hole
Where 't ought to be—there's such an ache
Down there somewhere! She seemed to
think

That I just loved to spill that ink!
—Ethel M. Kelly, in Century.

The Toast of Death

By ADRIANNE ROUCOLLE

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SHE was wondrously beautiful as far as mere perfection of the features went, but there was something in the cold glitter of the eye which to a close observer of human nature would have meant that the lovely face was only the lying mask of a shallow, selfish soul. Yet men loved her, her beauty was to them the loadstone which drew their hearts as does the bright light to the summer moth.

She glided in her conquests and it was with ever increasing pride that she named those who had loved her. Her fame was universal throughout Spain, for it was known that princes, dukes, noblemen, and even a king had loved her.

Yet one man had baffled her, for beneath the burning invitation of her luminous eyes he had remained cold, indifferent, almost contemptuous, and because of that Lopez de Servedo became almost as famous as the woman whose charm he had withstood.

But a woman of Margarita Torneo's type does not at once pronounce herself vanquished. If he could withstand her charm it was that his heart was filled by another love, a love that must be killed before she could hope to conquer. It did not take her long to know Lopez's secret, for she was rich and detectives are clever. It was a simple tale of tender love, pure and holy. The powerful Lopez de Servedo loved one much beneath him in social rank, one whom his proud parents would never have recognized as their equal. He had therefore married her in secret and kept his bliss and her beauty concealed in a lonely villa some distance from the noise and vice of the city.

When Margarita heard this she had a cry of triumph.

"Now that I know his secret he is mine; he shall cringe at my feet and sue for the love he has scorned, but first I must get rid of her."

For a week she thought; she even went so far as to visit the little villa and try with a lying tale of Lopez's infidelity to make her successful rival leave the man she wanted. In this she failed, and returning home, humbled by her want of success, she cried:

"Then there is only one way; she must die."

A week later all Madrid was shocked by the news of a mysterious murder which had been committed in a lonely villa. A young woman living alone with two servants was found dead one morning, a dagger thrust through the heart. Margarita's well paid assassin had done his work.

Lopez de Servedo did not change anything in his manner of living. He was still seen in his box at the opera; he still frequented the various gambling halls of the town; he drove his fast horses with the same careless grace, but could anyone have seen within his heart they would have been startled by the tragic depths of his despair. The dead woman had been the one love of his life, and had it not been for the hope of avenging her he would have soon rejoined her in the grave.

After awhile his indifference toward Margarita seemed to melt. His visits to her home became more frequent and soon it was murmured that Lopez de Servedo had at last fallen a victim to her charms. She thought so too and rejoiced.

"I knew," she thought, "that once freed from his infatuation for that girl he would turn to me. And now he is mine. He loves me—and, yes, I love him!"

A month after the strange murder Lopez and a number of young men and women were assembled in Margarita's home, for Lopez wished to proclaim in a public fashion his liaison with the beautiful courtesan. The wine flowed freely and as its vapors mounted to the heads, jokes and laughter reigned supreme. Only Lopez remained calm, indifferent, cold.

Margarita, intoxicated as much by the triumph of this hour as by the wine she had drunk, talked as she had never done before, surprising all by the brilliancy of her wit, the quickness of her repartees.

Dessert was served and new wines brought in. Lopez rose and with a graceful gesture imposed silence. For a moment he did not speak, as though he wished to give to all time to admire his elegant form and dark, handsome face; then he began; his voice, soft and melodious, fell on the ear like a caress:

"In most banquets toasts are drunk and as this is an occasion of special joy to me, I wish that we follow the custom. So I appoint myself as toastmaster and will call on each and every one of you for a toast."

He resumed his seat amid the boisterous hurrahs of his companions. For awhile, in answer to Lopez's request, toasts of different characters were given amid the general laughter of the guests. When all had spoken someone remarked:

"Servedo has not spoken, and a man loved by the peerless Margarita must have much to say."

Lopez smiled and refilling his glass began:

"Certainly; I have much to say and will not shrink the task. I have a story I wish you to hear, but before I relate it I want you all to drink a toast with me."

All raised their glasses and waited. Lopez turned to Margarita, saying:

"You will drink out of my glass this time, drinking only half, leaving the other half for me."

Smilingly she put down her glass and Lopez began:

"I drink to the most beautiful, the most outwardly perfect woman in the world, to Margarita Torneo."

All glasses were drained and after Margarita had drunk half of what was in Lopez's he swallowed the rest, adding with a smile:

"This is our love troth," and he resumed his seat. "Now for my story."

"Silence," cried the others, "Lopez has got a story. Listen to the story." After awhile the noise ceased and Lopez began:

"This is a true story, every word of it is true, so note well what I say. It was three years ago, a young man passing by a cigarette factory saw a lovely girl in plain dress leaving the building. She was beautiful, with a beauty which came from a pure soul and a noble heart. Well, he was young, ardent, and she pleased him. He sought her out, saw that she was virtuous, though poor, and unable to get her any other way he married her in secret, since his rank and his parents' pride forbade him to do so openly."

He paused and turned with a smile toward Margarita. She had suddenly become very pale and her dark eyes met his in a startled question; but without seeming to heed her emotion he continued, measuring each of his words:

"Only those who have truly loved, loved with all the strength of heart and soul, can guess what hours of bliss, what exquisite joys filled the lives of the two married lovers. For two years that happiness continued, then a cloud rose in their sunny sky, and that cloud took the shape of a woman, divinely beautiful, but satanically cruel."

"She was one of those lost creatures which the world supports yet scorns. She had princes and kings at her feet, but her vain heart wanted to possess the man who scorned her. What's the matter, Margarita? you are pale; does my story move you?"

By a powerful effort she overcame her weakness and answered:

"Go on; I am interested. Only pass me more wine, I feel strangely dizzy." And she drank eagerly the glass one of her companions had filled for her. But Lopez continued:

"Seeing that she could not win him she decided to take her from him. It was an easy thing to accomplish, for one night a well-paid assassin struck his blow in the dark; one young life was cut short; one love dream was brought to an end and the next morning all Madrid was shocked to hear of the mysterious murder of the Villa del Rosa."

A smothered cry from Margarita caused all eyes to turn in her direction. She was standing in her place, pale, ghastly, wild. Some of the women rose to go to her, but Lopez said in the same calm voice:

"Don't worry, ladies; I will take care of Margarita, she will soon be well."

The smile had fled from all lips, a current of dread passed among the guests, most faces were pale and in the heart of each was a fear that something was going to happen. Lopez alone remained calm and after forcing Margarita to resume her seat he continued, his words falling like a dirge on the oppressive silence:

"You all know the details of that murder, but what you do not know was the oath the man took over the body of the woman he had loved. He swore that he would find the guilty and avenge her death. He has this night kept that oath."

Margarita gave a wild cry as she started to her feet. Lopez, with a laugh of triumph, concluded:

"The hero of my story is myself. The guilty woman stands yonder. As to my vengeance I achieved it as I drank my death and hers while pronouncing my toast. The wine we drank was poisoned. There is no cure and in an hour we both will be dead. I drank my toast to the most beautiful, the most outwardly perfect woman of the world, but I drank it with a wine which, like her, was venomous, yet which hid its danger in the glitter of its sparkle. A serpent she was; with the venom of a serpent she dies!"

Margarita had remained spellbound by horror, but at his last words she gave one wild cry and fell writhing to the floor. The affair was hushed up and thanks to Lopez's high position, the story was kept out of the papers, but those who witnessed that terrible scene of refined vengeance never forgot the horror of the tragic toast of death!"

A Good Prescription.

Expert John B. Smith says that by draining off the water he can destroy the Jersey mosquito. The same method used upon other Jersey products, remarks the Philadelphia North American, has been found effectual.

A Safe Statement.

It is asserted by one of the scientists that the sun is gradually losing its heat. That is always a pretty safe statement to make at this season of the year, remarks the Chicago Record-Herald.

A MUSKRAT HOME

The Naturalist Pays a Visit to One in the Winter Time.

One Animal Displays Great Endurance in Remaining Under the Water—How the Young Are Reared.

Last winter I was walking along the shore of a frozen, snow-covered lake, when I came upon a muskrat house—a dark, dome-shaped mass of leaves and turf, rising some two feet above the surrounding ice, and capped with snow. Scarce three feet away there ran a line of fox tracks, and 20 yards from the shore there were crossed by the trail of the ruffed grouse, who, for some reason, had been walking across the lake. The fox had not even stopped to sniff at the muskrat house, for perhaps no one knew better than he what a waste of time it would have been.

Fifty yards further on, I came to a little creek, at the side of which a dark spot showed where the ice was very thin; this was the spot which the muskrats kept open, and where they left and reentered the water every night. From the dark spot in the ice there was a well-beaten path through the snow leading to the top of the bank, where it divided into several paths less well defined. Here the character of a muskrat's trail could be observed; the marks of the small fore feet, the large partly webbed hind feet, and between them all a single line, made by the sharp-edged, almost hairless tail, as it had trailed on the ground behind. A single trail led up to a clump of old apple trees, but the animal which made it had evidently been on a literally fruitless quest, for there was no sign of his having found anything eatable. The other trails led to a corn field nearly a quarter of a mile from the water, and here the snow presented the appearance of a railway map, with lines crossing and recrossing each other in every direction.

A few days afterwards, we had some warm weather, and the snow and ice melted from the surface of the lake. After that there came some clear, frosty nights, and again the lake was frozen over, this time with strong transparent ice. I went to visit the muskrat house, and when I came near I ran out upon the ice and leaped upon the dome of the little dwelling, shaking it to its foundations. I could hear no sound from the interior, but, as I shook the structure, I saw three or four shadowy forms shooting outward through the water beneath the ice. Of course these were the rats, and I managed to keep my eye on one of them as he paused close to a fallen white birch log, close to the under surface of the ice. He had been there perhaps a minute, when the idea of timing him occurred to me, and I pulled out my watch. For three minutes there was not a sign of movement, and then a few bubbles arose to the ice. About a minute later, some more bubbles came up, and then the animal himself floated up against the ice. At five minutes from the time I took out the watch, the rat lay without a sign of life, and I began to be anxious for his safety. So I stamped my foot upon the ice, and like a black streak he dived and was gone. He had been under water at least six minutes, and by the way he dived and swam away afterwards he seemed little the worse for the experience.



THE MUSKRAT WAS ON THE ALERT.

In the spring the freshets came, and the surface of the lake rose until the muskrat house was almost submerged. Then, one morning, it was washed from its foundations and the lighter parts of it floated far away. Then the muskrats took to the banks, and they dug long tunnels in the soft soil. Many of the tunnels had two openings, one at the top or side of the bank, and the other down under the water. The last was the one they usually used when entering or leaving their home; the other served not only as a doorway occasionally, but as an air shaft to ventilate the burrow.

In the burrows in the banks, the young muskrats are born, and I have seen these little fellows at many stages of their immaturity. At first they are blind and hairless, with very blunt noses, and with short sturdy limbs and thickset bodies. When they begin to get their fur, they are pretty little creatures, and soon learn to follow their mother out of the burrow, and even accompany her, in excursions across the lake or stream near which they live. Sometimes I have seen several of them sitting together on a log or stone near the water, into which they would scramble like turtles at the first sign of danger. By the fall they are practically full grown, and no doubt many of them help to gather turf and sticks and leaves with which to make a winter home.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE.

Guinea Pigs, Rabbits and Mice Kept at Harvard for a Peculiar Purpose.

In the basement of one of the buildings of Harvard university there is probably as highly scientific a collection of rabbits, guinea pigs and mice as ever saw the light of day. Not that they are scientific from choice. No, indeed; for many are the wistful glances they cast daily toward the grass and trees of the outer world. And when the sunlight slants down through the narrow basement windows they have a way of cuddling up within the range of its rays that is anything but scientific. They are not scientific from choice; they have simply had scientific honors thrust upon them, says the New York Tribune.

Until they came to be part and parcel of Prof. E. L. Mark's collection, these little creatures were just plain everyday rabbits, guinea pigs and mice, just eating and living and feeling probably more or less thankful because of the fact that they were alive. Now, it is different. The curl of their hair, the color of their eyes, may mean much in the future of the human race. Without means of knowing it themselves these little animals are working out the laws of heredity for man. Just what they have proved, just how much they are expected to prove, Prof. Mark, who is director of the Harvard zoological laboratory, is not yet prepared to say. But he intimates strongly that the time is not far off when the little creatures will have accomplished results which will interest and enlighten, if not astonish, the scientific world. It is in the hope of fulfilling this belief that Prof. Mark is experimenting with his little collection. Given the best of food and every possible attention an animal could desire, it would be, to say the least, base ingratitude should the little creatures fail to prove what is expected of them.

Each animal is kept in the pink of condition. The cages, which are arranged in tiers, are large and commodious, light and airy. The whole basement is perfectly ventilated, and no more resembles the usual places in which such animals are kept than a pigsty does a parlor. A careful record of each animal in the collection is kept. From the end of his nose to the tip of his tail not a fact about any of the animals in his collection escapes the vigilant eye of the professor. The color and curl of the animal's hair, the color of his eyes, are carefully noted, and any little deformity or peculiarity is sought for. All this and much else is set forth on a specially devised chart. With a rubber stamp a normal pelt is outlined in the record. This shows the normal animal as he would look if cut open and laid out, like an open book, with the back up. On this chart it is possible to indicate clearly any little peculiarity of the animal under consideration. With this chart carefully filed away for future reference the rabbit, the mouse or the guinea pig, as the case may be, may do his best at growing. No matter to what degree of perfection he may attain he may be confronted at any moment with the record of the past. Grow as he will, science has a firm hold upon him; he cannot escape. Even death does not terminate his service to mankind. He is as valuable dead as alive, for then that minute description of himself made long before applies not only to his offspring, but to his offspring's offspring. If he had a crooked toe and that toe does not appear in any of his offspring, but does appear in their offspring, it means something. Just what that and other kindred peculiarities mean Prof. Mark is not prepared to say.

There is a striking similarity, to say the least, between these peculiarities which manifest themselves in the rabbits, mice and guinea pigs of Prof. Mark's collection, and those which crop out in the human race from generation to generation. If the professor can determine just what it is that is responsible for these changes in the little animals caged up in that Harvard university basement, has he solved the mystery surrounding the workings of heredity in man? Should he be successful in his effort to discover the cause of these changes, get at the root of the matter, and possibly find some effective means of preventing insanity or some other terrible affliction being handed down from one generation to another, the world will owe to the professor a debt of gratitude, and those little rabbits, guinea pigs and mice of his will not have lived in vain.

Forgot His Address.

Mortimer Menpes tells the following story of Whistler, who was to deliver an address one day to the Society of British Artists: "The master at length entered, faultlessly dressed, walking with a swinging, jaunty step, evidently quite delighted with himself and the world in general. He passed down the gallery ignoring the assembled members, and walked up to his own picture. And there he stayed for quite 15 minutes, regarding it with a satisfied expression, stepping now backward, now forward, canting his head and dusting the surface of the glass with a silk pocket handkerchief. We watched him open-mouthed. Suddenly he turned round, beamed upon us, and uttered but two words: 'Bravo, Jimmy!'—then took my arm and hurried me out of the gallery, talking volubly the while."

Greatest Ever.

"Madam," began the ragged hobo, "you see before you a reduced gentleman."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the surprised lady, "Well, I must say you discount any reduction I ever saw on a bargain counter."—Chicago Daily News.

Then He Felt Cheap.

"Well, anyway," he said during their little spat, "when I proposed to you, you took me promptly enough."

"Yes," she replied; "I was only a woman and you did look so cheap."—Philadelphia Ledger.

No Common Stock.

The distinguished ethnologist was the guest of the prison warden. He was ascertaining as nearly as possible the ancestry of the various classes of prisoners.

"The warden, opening one door, said: 'In that department are the kleptomaniacs.'"

"And what stock do they spring from?" asked the distinguished ethnologist.

"Steal preferred," said the warden, who was a great wag.—Baltimore American.

Essence of Orange Leaves.

One of the remarkable industries of Paraguay is the preparation of essence of orange leaves. More than 150 years ago the Jesuit priests, who then ruled that secluded country, imported orange seeds and planted groves, which have now become immense forests, filled with small establishments for extracting the essence, which is exported to France and the United States for use in soap and perfumery making. It is also employed by the natives in Paraguay as a healing ointment and a hair tonic.

Send Wood to Germany.

Imports of wood into Germany from the United States have more than trebled since 1880, amounting in 1902 to more than \$5,850,000. It consists mostly of pitch pine. This wood is more resistant to the weather and costs much less than oak. It is used for making doors, windows, floors, etc., while oak is used in the manufacture of the finer grades of furniture.

Good News from Minnesota.

Lakefield, Minn., Jan. 4.—Mr. William Gentry of this place is one of the best-known and most highly respected men in Jackson County. For 45 years he has suffered with kidney trouble and now at 77 years of age he has found a complete cure and is well.

His cure is remarkable because of the length of time he had been suffering. Cases of 40 years' standing might be considered incurable, but the remedy that cured Mr. Gentry seems to know no limit to its curative power. Mr. Gentry says:

"I have suffered with misery in my back for about 45 years and had all the trouble some symptoms of kidney and urinary disease. I tried various kinds of remedies, but all to no effect until I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Now I have no pain in my back and feel quite well in every way."

"I am 77 years of age and I feel better than I have for the last 40 years. I attribute it all to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"Everybody says the baby looks like you. Doesn't that please you?" "I don't know," replied Poppley, "but I tell you what; I'm glad nobody thinks of saying I look like the baby."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Out Wonder.

The Editor must tell its readers of this marvel. It originated with the largest farm seed growers in the world, the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. It has stiff straw, stands up like a stone wall, is white, heavy, and has long ears, filled to the tip with fat, plump kernels. It is a great stouter, 80 stocks from one kernel. IF YOU WILL SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10c IN STAMPS

to above address, you will get a sample of this Out Wonder, which yielded in 1903, in 40 States from 250 to 310 bu. per acre, together with other farm seed samples and their big catalog. [K. L.]

To err is human; but few men have enough divinity in them to forgive without saying: "Don't let it happen again!"—Puck.



Many women are denied the happiness of children through derangement of the generative organs. Mrs. Beyer advises women to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered with stomach complaint for years. I got so bad that I could not carry my children but five months, then would have a miscarriage. The last time I became pregnant, my husband got me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the first bottle I was relieved of the sickness of stomach, and began to feel better in every way. I continued its use and was enabled to carry my baby to maturity. I now have a nice baby girl, and can work better than I ever could before. I am like a new woman."—MRS. FRANK BEYER, 22 S. Second St., Meriden, Conn.

Another case which proves that no other medicine in the world accomplishes the same results as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was married for five years and gave birth to two premature children. After that I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it changed me from a weak, nervous woman to a strong, happy and healthy wife within seven months. Within two years a lovely little girl was born, who is the pride and joy of my household. If every woman who is cured feels as grateful and happy as I do, you must have a host of friends, for every day I bless you for the light, health and happiness Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought to my home. Sincerely yours, MRS. MARY P. WHERRY, Flat 31, The Norman, Milwaukee, Wis."

Actual sterility in woman is very rare. If any woman thinks she is sterile let her write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., whose advice is given free to all would-be and expectant mothers.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

CANDY CATHARTIC

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

GUARANTEED CURE for all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, sallow complexion and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are sick. Consumption kills more people than all other diseases together. You will never get well and stay well until you put your bowels right. Start with CASCARET today under absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.